

THE KING'S HEALTH.

I.

JOY to great *Cæsar*,
Long Life, Love, and Pleasure;
'Tis a Health that divine is,
Fill the Bowl such as mine is,
Let none fear a Feaver,
But take it off thus Boys,
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

II.

Try all the Loyal,
Defie all, give denial;
Sure none thinks the Glas too big here,
Nor any Prigg here, or sneaking Whigg here
Of cripple *Tony's* Crew,
That now looks blew,
His heart akes too,
The Tap won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now pursue.

III.

Let *TORIES* guard the KING,
Let *Whiggs* in Halts swing;
Let *Pilk*— and *Sh*— be sham'd,
Let bugging *O*— be damn'd;
Let cheating *Pl*— be nick'd,
The Turncoat Scribe be kick'd:
Let Rebel City Dons
Never beget their Sons;
Let every Whiggish Peer
That rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The sheets to know and tear,

Be blubb'd out of Hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land
T'attone the grand Affair.

IV.

Great *CHARLES*, like *Jehovah*,
Spares Foes would unking him,
And warms with his Graces
The Vipers that sting him;
'Till crown'd with just anger
The Rebels he seizes:
Thus Heaven can thunder,
When ever it pleases.

V.

Then to the *DUKE* fill,
Fill up the Glas,
The Son of our *Martyr*, belov'd of the King;
Envied and lov'd,
Yet blest'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel, safe under his Wing

VI.

Faction and Folly
And State-Melancholly,
With *Tony* in Whigland for ever shall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine and Beauty,
Then teach us our Duty,
For none er'e can love and be wise and rebell.

F I N I S.